

we only make bubblegum

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the things you can throw away
disposable razors, disposable saviors
diet plans and service plans
instant oatmeal, instant messages
short selective attention spans
urgent free time to spend alone
or walk the stores on your cellphone
chewing commercials and blinking
anything to keep from thinking

juice, toast and pornflakes
whatever it takes, man
to get going, to stay awake
reptilian brain run amok
EAT! BUY! WATCH! FUCK!
because it's only an addiction if
it hinders your impact on the GNP
no matter what happens to mommy

rinse and repeat until it hurts
maybe it will sink in to the pore
buff that face with creams and cleansers
spam-male enhancement to raise those spirits
do anything for insertion
skip the penetrating questions

everything that sounds new
is the second verse of yesterday's song
whining blue for drugs we already took
and the souls we stepped among
there is nothing new under the sun
hitting the streets, clubs, and bars
dancing the night away with total strangers
saving ourselves with the rhythm method and blues
we've forgotten the joy of being teased
but not the importance of being tweezed
looking great for our fifteen minutes
as long as we don't have to open our mouths

and whatever you do, don't get old

brought to you by a grant
from the megachapel corporation
as seen on the sacred church
of the home shopping network
and available at the mauling of america
mass production, supplication and demand
get all your praying done in one place!

but my soul's in despair
i've fallen from grace
or maybe i'm just bleeding
from my grace period
the bills are due it's that time of the month
to give myself credit for waving a card

christ on a dollar bill, allah on an airplane
god on a flag, faith splattered on a building
...a movie, a tv show, and a commemorative coin
you'll never be forgotten, we promise
you'll go straight to dvd

milk that cow for blood
the latest fad or the latest 'cause'
i realize it's sacred to your culture
but it looks so great on the mantle
how can i be expected to inquire within
if i'm losing the aesthetic battle?

we stand behind our product
(cause the muzzle end is out)
they have a name for two cultures
really coming together
they call it war
we lost the fight with mcdonnell douglas,
but don't worry
we're winning the war with macdonald's

i've forgotten how to feel, how to care
please mr anchorman, show me the pain,
the devastation miles and miles away
grab my human interest, i'll grab my popcorn
bombard me with terror, entertain my compassion
til compassion becomes entertainment
an option, a selection, something i turn on and off
it's not my problem, it's just the news

all the money in the world
won't pay for a human life
thanks very much and
please sign here for the midwife
the pope and the invalid
are finally dead
i saw it in the newspaper
it was a lovely two page spread

you bet your teenage-bottomed daughter
that your son'll 'come out' tomorrow
for an on-screen guest appearance
i'm sure you'll get over your delicate
and fundamental sensibilities
when you're taking home that emmy

the 7 deadly time slots
we raise like a banner
the tv's a mirror, sadly
only the screen's reflective
you and me sailing a 1000 channels
and drowning in nothing good on